

The White Desert

BY COURTNEY RILEY COOPER.

(Copyright, 1922, Little, Brown & Co.)

(Continued From Our Last Issue)
She pressed her lips tight.
"I'm not going to tell—yet. You've got to do something for me first. I'm in trouble—she was speaking rapidly now, the words flooding over her lips between gasps, her eyes set, her hands knitting.

"He ran away and left me for three days. The fire went out—now baby—hysterical laughter broke from her dry lips—'My baby died, and still he didn't come. He—'
"Agnes," Houston grasped her hands. "Try to control yourself! May be he couldn't get back. The storm—"
"Yes, the storm! It's always the storm! We would have been married—but there was the storm."
Then she halted, for the briefest part of a moment, to become suddenly madly cajoling, crazily cunning.
"Listen, Barry. You want to know things. I can tell them to you—oh so many of them. I'll tell them to you—if you'll only do this for me. It's my baby—my baby. Won't you promise for me? Take her to a priest—please, Barry—and have her buried in hallowed ground. Won't you, Barry? Do you want me to die too—or do you want me to live and tell you why I did the things I did? Do you want to know who was back of everything? I didn't do it for myself, Barry. It was some one else—I'll help you, Barry, honestly I'll help you."

"About the murder?" Houston was leaning forward now, tense, hopeful. But the woman shook her head.
"No—the lease, and the contract. I'll help you about that—if you'll help me. Take my baby—"

The man rose.
"I'll promise, Agnes. If you want to help me afterward, well and good. If not—you are free to do as you please."

The woman had raised eagerly. "Then look in a box in the top drawer. You'll find a crucifix. They—they might want to put it on her."
In a mass of tangled, old-fashioned jewelry, he found the crucifix, its chain broken and twisted, and placed it in a pocket. Then he turned to the grimmer task—and the good-bye. A half hour later, white-faced, his arms cupped gently about a blanket-wrapped form, he stepped forth into the storm, and bending against the wind, turned toward the railroad in obedience to the hazy directions of the sobbing woman he had left behind.

The snowfall was lighter now; he could find his way more easily.

Black splashes against the snow, two figures suddenly had come out of the sweeping well—a girl and a man. Something akin to panic seized Houston. The man was Lost Wing. The girl was Medaine. Houston turned with womanly instinct to the bundle in his arms.

"A baby!" There was surprise in her tone. Forgetting for the moment her aversion to the man himself, she came forward, touched the blankets then lifting one edge over so slightly that she might peer beneath. "Where did you find it? Whose is it?"

Houston sought vainly for words. And the words seemed to come unbidden.

"Does it matter?"
"Of course not." She looked at him queerly. "I merely thought I could be of assistance."

"You can. Tell me where I can find a priest—the baby is dead."

"Oh." She touched the bundle ever so softly. "I didn't know." Then with a sudden thought, "But her mother. She must need."

"One doctor will try to get Ba'tiste to come out."

"But couldn't I—"

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

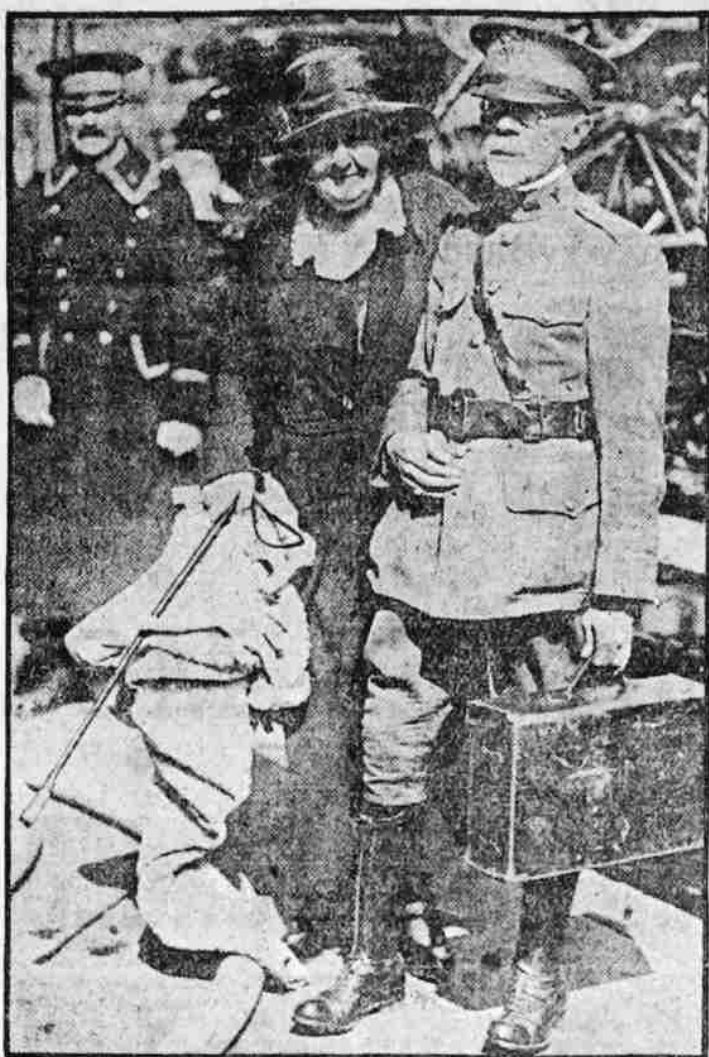
"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

"I'm sorry." He felt that he was miring himself hopelessly. He wanted to tell the truth, to ask for aid, to send her back into the woods to the assistance of the stricken woman.

General Retreats Hastily



Brigadier General Charles E. Sawyer, the president's physician, and Mrs. Sawyer bound for the White House at 5:30 a. m., after fire routed them from the New Willard hotel. Note that Mrs. Sawyer salvaged the general's two prize possessions—his bath robe and his riding crop.

TREASURY ROOF ABE LINCOLN'S AGAIN ON FIRE FRIEND IS DEAD

Menacing Glow Cast on White House Awakens Harding's Household

WASHINGTON, May 3.—For the second time in three months, firemen early today battled with a stubborn blaze on the roof of the treasury department which for a time assumed menacing proportions as the flames, burning through a long superstructure, leaped high in the air and cast a threatening glow on the White House, while sparks wafted across to its surrounding terrace.

When discovered at 1:45 a. m., the flames already had reached considerable height and were 30 or 40 feet high when fire apparatus arrived at the scene. Gaining impetus about that time from a dull rumbling explosion which firemen believe was caused by building materials stored for use in the present work of raising the roof of the structure, the blaze cast a bright glow on the night sky over the downtown section before it began to subside under the effect of water from a dozen hose lines. The White House and Washington monument stood out in sharp relief in the fantastic light of the flames.

HARDINGS AROUSED
Awakened by White House attendants, President and Mrs. Harding dressed and hurried to the scene, where they watched the firemen battle the flames in the near-by structures.

When checked after about 30 minutes of effort, the flames had burned entirely through the section of the superstructure which tops the section of the building—that divides the court and had spread to parts of the central portion of the roof. Unofficial estimates, however, place the damage at about \$75,000, although it is not known whether this adequately took into account the possible damage from water.

The blaze apparently was of much the same nature as that which occurred on the treasury roof during office hours, when hundreds of employees were in the building, last February 8. This was extinguished without heavy damage.

OMAHA BUSINESS FIRE
OMAHA, Neb., May 3.—Ganned by a stiff breeze that drove billows of dense smoke upon firemen, hindering their efforts, and sent showers of burning embers through the air, menacing nearby structures, fire early today destroyed a three-story brick building in the heart of the downtown business section. Loss from the fire, origin of which has not been determined, is estimated at \$100,000.

ORPHANAGE BLAZE
SAN RAFAEL, Calif., May 3.—Fire starting from a defective flue impelled 12 children in the nursery of the Presbyterian orphanage at San Anselmo, south of here Tuesday and destroyed the orphanage. The loss was estimated at \$100,000.

EASIER LAUNDRING
If the clothes which must be washed are put into a tub of lukewarm soapy water the night before the rubbing on wash day will be considerably lessened. Colored clothing and stockings should not be allowed to thus remain in water, however.

SALESMAN \$AM
SO! YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD GET AWAY WITH RADIO BROADCASTING WITHOUT A LICENSE, DID YOU? WELL, YOU CAN'T! YOU'RE PINCHED, SEE!

NOW LISTEN, MR. OFFICER—

LISTEN NOTHING!—YOU SAVE YOUR STORY FOR THE CHIEF—YOU'LL NEED IT, DO—BE-LIEVE ME!

THE CHIEF? WHY I DON'T EVEN KNOW HIM! WHO IS HE?

WELL, MEBBE YOU DON'T—BUT WHEN YOU'VE ONCE MET JAMES HOWELL, YOU'LL REMEMBER HIM!

OH, YOU MEAN OL' JIMMY HOWELL! AN'T THAT FUNNY NOW? JIM AND MYSELF WERE OUT TO LUNCH TODAY, AND HE ASKED ME IF I KNEW ANY OFFICERS THAT OUGHTA BE PROMOTED—I'LL HAVE TO TELL HIM WHAT A FINE FELLOW YOU ARE.

CHANG HALTS DRIVE ON PEKING

Troops Being Rushed Up for Decisive Battle; Wounded Unaided

PEKING, May 3.—(By The Associated Press.)—It was announced today that General Chang-Tao-Lin, the central Chinese leader, had been killed in action. The announcement has not been otherwise confirmed. The foreign legations here are investigating.

BOTH LOSE HEAVILY.
PEKING, May 3.—(By The Associated Press.)—The Fengtien army, under General Chang-Tao-Lin, has for the moment at least, successfully withstood the drive of Changshintien, and stopped General Wu-Pei-Fu's movement toward Peking. The east, however, has been heavy and Changshintien is filled with wounded, many of whom are dying from lack of medical attention.

While Chang has succeeded in this action, there has been no apparent advantage of consequence for either side in the general fighting along the 100 mile front from here to Tien-Tsin and both commanders are rushing up reinforcements in preparation for a decisive action.

WILL CUT RAILWAY.
General Chang's communications are threatened both from front and from the rear for Wu has thrown 40,000 troops against his right center in an effort to cut the Peking-Tien-Tsin railway, while Admiral Tu-Shin-Kwei has notified the Nanking consular body of his intention to cut the railway connecting the Peking-Tien-Tsin road with Mukden. General Chang's base. This railway is within the range of naval guns at Chinwangtao.

At the eastern end of the battle front, General Wu is marching 30,000 troops toward Manchung, one of the Fengtien's strongholds, where heavy fighting has occurred for three days. Meanwhile word comes through Shanghai that Sun Yat Sen, president of the southern government, is preparing to send aid to Chang-Tao-Lin. He will strike at the psychological moment, it was said, sending troops either through Hankow or Nanking, the route depending on the outcome of the present conflict.

Meanwhile three Chinese cruisers are engaged in an attempt to destroy the Mukden railroad at Shanhaikwan.

BLAST SHAKES PEKING.
Peking has been shaken south of the Peking wall. A terrific explosion this morning shook the windows of the city. It was attributed to the destruction of an arsenal by bombs dropped from airplanes operating from General Chang's army.

Admiral Joseph Strauss, commander of the American Asiatic fleet, after a conference with Minister Schurman, ordered the gunboat Wilmington to proceed immediately from Hongkong to Tien-Tsin. The foreign vessels now at Tien-Tsin include three Japanese torpedo boats, a British submarine tender, a French gunboat and an Italian gunboat. They will guard the route from Taku to Tien-Tsin.

BELGIAN BOLT AND OIL BIG GENOA TOPICS

(Continued From Page One)

that no contract had been signed with the Shell group of English oil companies, as widely published, while Colonel Boyle, representative of the Shell Transport and Trading company, issued a statement declaring it absolutely untrue that his company had made new contracts with the Russians.

NOTHING SETTLED.
"My company has had negotiations with the soviet, based on former and still existing trade agreements between England and the soviet, for several months, concerning oil concessions, but nothing is settled," he said. "I met M. Krassin (soviet minister of foreign trade), in Genoa and told him I could not discuss concessions until the conference was ended and we knew the exact relations between our governments."

On the other hand some delegates say they have information that important contracts have been signed between England and the soviet government. These contracts are alleged to provide for a monopoly of the distribution of half, and some say the whole of Russia's oil output.

FOUR BOYS NABBED AS 'POLITE BANDITS'

CHICAGO, May 3.—Four youths, one the son of Major James Monroe Hollman of the regular army, and one the son of James L. Perkins, wealthy iron and steel broker, were held by the detective bureau in connection with recent holdups. Two of the youths, known as the "polite bandits" because of the gentlemanly manner with which they approached their victims, were identified by 10 persons they held up. It was reported.

Boasting that they were the most polite bandits working, they were said to have confessed an average of five to six holdups a week for the last two weeks. Hollman is said to have served a term in a New York City reformatory for larceny.

PETRIFIED HUMAN BODY DISCOVERED

YORK, Nebr., May 3.—Recovery from the Missouri river of a partially petrified torso and head, believed to be that of John Affleck, former deputy sheriff, who disappeared six years ago while bringing a prisoner from Lewistown, Mont., to York, is reported.

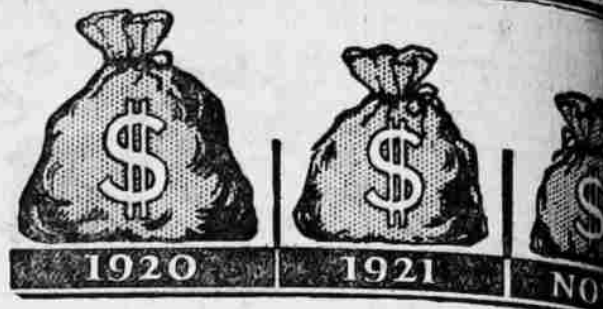
It's Fine When It Works

BY

BY

BY

BY



Here's the reason install ARCOLA NOW

THESE money bags represent the average price of ARCOLA for the past two years.

See how the price is lower this month, NOW, than ever before in its history.

Thousands of people will wait until next Fall when Steamfitters and Plumbers are rushed to death, before ordering ARCOLA. You can cash in on your foresight by telephoning for an estimate this month, NOW.

It means good-bye to cold rooms; good-bye to spotty heat; good-bye to high coal bills. An ARCOLA system means an American Radiator in every room and it pays for itself in the fuel it saves.

ARCOLA Heats Whole House Cheaper Than Stoves Heated Two Rooms

A. Majotte of 184 Division Street, River Rouge, Michigan, has a seven room home. Formerly he heated two rooms with two stoves.

Now he heats all seven rooms with ARCOLA and American Radiators and saves a ton of coal a year besides.

The price of a ton of coal a year is worth saving; see ARCOLA today.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators for every heating

402 Seventeenth Street Denver, Colo.

FREE

A fine ARCOLA book will be mailed you if you will send your name to the address above. And telephone your Steamfitter or Plumber for an estimate, NOW.

UTAH PLUMBING & HEATING For Your Arcola Estimate Now.

Phone 2570 2344 Washington

KILLS HUSBAND IN ROW OVER YOUNG MAN

BOSTON, May 3.—William B. Hubbard was shot to death Tuesday by his wife, Carrie N. Hubbard, at her bedroom door after he had chased her about their home, enraged over the attentions that he believed a guest, Edward Pitlock, 22 years old, of Chicago, had been paying to her